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VOL. 5. NO. 116

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MARCH 15,

1862.

JEMMY TWITCHER FLOYD.

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We hope that before the end of 1862 we may be restored to communion with many friends and "fellow-countrymen" (as Judge Pettigru, in Charleston, has just called us) in the South—men who have been forced to submit to the conspiring minority. We long to testify to this venerable and distinguished patriot, and to all who hold like faith, how dearly we prize the bonds which connect us with them, and how lovingly we shall receive them to our hearts when "this tyranny shall be overpast."

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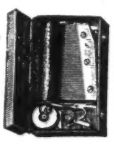

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MUSCULAR HISTRIONITY.

OPINIONS OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

I have been taken quite ill, of late, with Opinions on the Drama.

I suppose everybody must have them, sooner or later; like the measles. Happy he who has them early, too!—They go hard, when the victim is an adult, as I have reason to believe is my case.

I am down on Muscle. Not where it is needed, mind you. Not in the P. R. Not when a fellow blacks your eye in a bar-room. Not for a coal-heaver, or for a heavy porter.... not in any instance where mind is subordinate to physique.—No man has a greater admiration for brawn, than The Undersigned. No man relishes tendons more. None can be readier to take thews to his heart....but they must be in the right place, and the occasion must be fitting.

Now, was HAMLET....the sad-eyed dreamer of Denmark....a coal-heaver? Was ROMEO training for the Championship of All England? An army of GRANT WHITES and PAYNE COLLIERS could not so distort SHAKESPEARE's meaning! Those clever maniacs have done much to obscure the great dramatist's conceptions and to garble his expressions; but even they have never had the sublime audacity of the Eminent Tragedians who have made HAMLET brilliant only in the *biceps*, and ROMEO conspicuous only for his calves.

And I know why they do this abomination. I know why they all strain to become leather-lunged and brazen-limbed; why they shriek and yawp like gorillas ineffable, and knock the supers about, exactly as JACK HEENAN knocked TOM SAYER's trainers and seconds about at the close of the great fight.

It is because the people like muscle better than mind, and it is the people who pay for the Eminent Tragedian's board and bed and boots and beer and bread and brandy.

So, though nearly all actors set out to be natural and human.... if not actually gentlemanly....on the stage, none continue in that laudable endeavor. Like merchants who set out to be leisurely; like lawyers who set out to be scrupulous; like all men, in a word, who set out to fight the errors of the world at their own expense, they succumb, acknowledge themselves beaten, and end by adopting what they were to reform. We all know about the "monster of such hideous mien," who comes finally to our embrace. That is the story of the Muscular Drama.

Then it is against the people that I must fulminate....alas! I too am at the mercy of that muscle-loving and inexorable tribunal ....I too must have my bread and beer, my boots and brandy, from hands that applaud Monsieur GREGOIRE more loudly than some really fine actors!

Then let me flatter this gentle public. Let me encourage and cajole the tendency toward tenderness for tendons.

Imprimis, then: In my theatre, there shall be no actor of less weight than 200 lbs.' avoirdupois, or less height than six feet. Every one shall Suffer and be Strong, till he has mastered the mysteries of Lithoclasticism and Zampillærostation.

The stage shall be fitted up like OTTIGNON's gymnasium, and the athletic drama shall begin in good earnest. Those who remember MARZETTI or GOUFFE in *The Ape*, will realize at a glance what might be done with the balcony-scene in ROMEO *and* JULIET. The famous soliloquy of HAMLET, too, might be cleverly interpolated with stage-directions, something in this way:

"To be flip-flap, or not to be flip-flap; that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in the mind to bear a double back summersault.
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against zampillærostation, U. C., a sea of troubles
And, by flip-flap opposing flip-flap, end them!"

Would not this be fine....indeed, what could be finer? And at the words, "to groan and sweat under a heavy burden," how magnificently a feat of strength would come in....say, the lifting of six men, a bar of railroad iron and two fifty-sixes! Ah! SHAKESPEARE would not know his own play, and could he see this, I think he would be content to die again.

With such attractions, my theatre....the *Gymnase* would be a good name for it....should enjoy full houses the year around. I think the duel between HAMLET and LAERTES might be made a sparring-match with very good effect. It would give variety, by an occasional transition from the sock and buskin to a sock in the eye. Ah, those will be halcyon days, when the prompter's bell shall be a dumb-bell, and the whole Strength of the company shall be turned to account. Imagine the Vaults of the CAPULETS and MONTAGUES! We shall see, then, what the Flights of dramatic genius really are. In fairy pieces, our demon, instead of going vulgarly down a trap, shall go up a trapèze.

Since we have begun to worship muscle in the theatre, why not go on thus, to the bigger end? I long for a capitalist, to help me to open my theatre, and show the would-be athletic public the results of a mixture of Attic salt with Acrobatic. That the scheme would undoubtedly pay, is the firmest opinion of

THE UNDERSIGNED.

MAXIMILIAN.

As those gentle and sweet-hearted Powers, England, France and Spain, are about extinguishing the Mexican Republic with a monarchic crown, it is fair to presume that the Arch-Duke to whom that bauble is offered, is in some degree interesting to us common people.

The peculiar claim of this Arch-usurper to the throne of Mexico lies in the fact that he can no longer squeeze a living out of his dukedom at home. He is a person of more or less royal blood, and NAPOLEON takes an interest in him, so he must be kept up somehow or another; and hence the crusade against Mexico.

Like all other celebrated men, the Arch-Duke is of Scotch descent. His family name was, originally, MAC SMILLIN....a very old Scottish name, which time and the Germans have corrupted into MAC SIMILLIAN, or MAXIMILLIAN. His great-great-grandfather was knighted and decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, for presenting his Majesty, JAMES I. with a gin-cocktail, at the battle of Culloden.

In early life, MAXIMILIAN was a playmate of JAMES GORDON BENNETT, another distinguished Scot; and together they used to "rin aboot the braes, an' pu' the gowans fine." It is regarded as a coincidence that BENNETT should, after the battle of Culloden, have run about the braes, while since the battle of Manassas he only brays about the run.

As MAC SMILLIN grew older, he fell into bad company and met with many misfortunes. First, BENNETT became enamored of his only sister, and addressed some verses to her, through the columns of the New York *Ledger*, entitled, "To MARY ANN."

Hardly had young MAC recovered from this disgrace, before he made the acquaintance of the British Lion, and thus got mixed up with that powerful but demented family, the HAPSBURGS. It is believed that he did not entirely escape, Scot-free, from the popular idiocy of that royal House.

He then went to the bad, and was well-received by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The threatened disruption of the United States did not seem so insignificant then as now, and at one time, the Rebels secretly contemplated making MAC SMILLIN King of Carolina. The idea was to establish the ancient dignity of the family, and to institute a royal house, to be called the House of Gin....a title which contains graceful allusion to both the Gin-Houses of the Southern cotton-fields, and the beverage which gained the first historical MAC SMILLIN his celebrity.

It is needless to say that this scheme was rejected after our Tennessean operations, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, being ashamed to receive MAC in such seedy clothes as his German dukedom afforded, resolved upon giving him a kingdom at once.

Accordingly, Spain was patted on the back, bolstered up on her pins, punched gently in this rib and that, and chucked under the chin, till she became quite stately and dignified. In this condition of factitious energy, she was informed that she must whip Mexico.

"O, yes;" stammered poor Spain, much alarmed; "I must whip Mexico!"

"We will back you," growled the sweet guardian-angels.

"O, yes; you must back me!" quivered Spain, fast getting shaky.

"And MAC SMILLIN will accept the throne."

"O, yes;" sobbed Spain, "anything you like....only, don't hurt me!"

So they went at it, and found Mexico all ready and willing.... to be let alone.

MAC SMILLIN will never wear the crown of Mexico.

Spain has gone a wool-gathering, and like all others whom LOUIS NAPOLEON has befriended, she will return direfully shorn.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

IF YOU WILL HAVE "EARS" TO YOUR CAP, TIE THEM DOWN OR TUCK THEM IN, UNLESS YOU WISH TO LOOK LIKE BOTTOM THE WEAVER IN ASININE ASPECT.

"Whiskey as is Whiskey."

A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* gives the following lively description of a light and wholesome spirit now manufactured to an immense amount in Virginia:

"It cauterizes the mucous membrane of the windpipe, sets the brain on fire, and sends a cold tremor through the system. The soldier who indulges in a half dozen nips is likely to stay drunk for a week; and a second or third application drives the breath out of the body."

Chain-lightning and camphene-smashes! there's a tipple to brew a "tod" from! We wonder whether it does all the things enumerated when it is diluted with water. If so, we suppose that a "nip" of it swallowed in a raw state would conglomerate the vesicles of the aorta, phlogistify the phylacter maximus, hemistitch up the hepatic ducts, insulate the asperifolious gland, deflagrate the the dodonian process, and wilt the buttons off the waistcoat, besides doing a good many other things which it might be tedious to specify.

A Sensitive Pig.

We have read a queer story in the country papers about a very fat pig, which was so startled by a lady sneezing suddenly near its pen that it broke both its fore legs and went straight to bacon. This happened—or is said to have happened—somewhere in Connecticut; and the moral to be drawn from it is this, that however obnoxious that State has long been to the rest of the world, on account of bass-wood hams, its real article of Gammon is by no means to be Sneezed at.

JUDICIAL DECISION.

A case of singular merit and of great international interest was recently brought before the court of Chancery in England, Earl RUSSELL J. presiding *Ex officio*. The plaintiffs were three minors of American birth and parentage, of doubtful appearance and of questionable age, by name YANCEY, ROST, and MANN, promising youths, asking to be relieved from the custody of their legal guardian Uncle SAM, and placed under that of a certain JEFF. DAVIS, the man of their own choice, and President of a New Confederacy somewhere within the United States of America.

The complaint of these hopeful triumviri was that they were ill treated and much abused by the aforesaid guardian Uncle SAM, who, transcending his powers, no longer permitted them to carry on as they liked, viz. he denied them the right to take always the first seats at the national table—to commit unlimited depredations upon the national pantry with impunity—to ride their favorite black hobby on Uncle SAM's grounds, contrary to his wishes—to kick up a rumpus in the family now and then—or be insolent to the other members, whenever said members interfered with their own free will and action, to corrupt the servants, bully the stewards, etc., etc., etc.

The learned Judge, after a patient hearing, gave the following decision.

That the grievances set forth in the petition of the plaintiffs YANCEY, ROST and MANN, against their guardian Uncle SAM seems to be well founded, and would doubtless be admitted by any civilized Court; but this Court has no jurisdiction over the case—because,

1. The plaintiffs being foreign citizens, the hearing of the case, by the Laws of Nations, properly belonged to their own tribunals.
2. They are minors of doubtful age and questionable appearance.
3. They have failed to prove to the Court that they are of that age which by law should entitle them before any tribunal to make a selection of their own guardian.
4. The conduct of the plaintiffs is such as to incline the Court to doubt whether said plaintiffs are of sound mind.

Under these circumstances the Court rules that the petition of the aforesaid minors, YANCEY, ROST and MANN be, and is hereby dismissed. The Court however, deems it proper that the petitioners be on the present occasion treated to a cold shoulder, and also, in accordance with a time-honored custom, that the "constable shall pay the costs."

THE CAVILLING AT CAVALRY.

Mr. NESMITH, (opp.) of Oregon, thought it best to reduce the cavalry as much as possible. They were a most useless branch of the service. A large number of them were armed with prod sticks, with red rags on the end.

According to Mr. NESMITH's idea therefore, the regiment of Lancers organized in Philadelphia, and now at Washington is not worth a Rush. If the gallant Colonel of that regiment would only tickle Mr. NESMITH with one of those "prod sticks," Mr. N. might see and feel the point of this joke. There are several funny gentlemen in the House and Senate who are wonderfully exercised over contracts for arms alleged to be illegally obtained, and yet when men called to the field, and offering themselves up willingly, are unable to obtain decent arms to fight with, these funny gentlemen think it exceedingly amusing to speak contemptuously of soldiers, many of whom are their peers. In fact we have no doubt that the officers, if not all of the fine body of men above referred to, are not only their peers, but would feel highly indignant at being taken for a Senator from Oregon, or a member of Congress from New York State, and if by accident either of them should be called by the name of NESMITH or ROSCOE CONKLING, it is highly probably they would resent it as an insult and punish the impertinent offender.

Subject to Botts.

We hear from Southern sources that JEFF. DAVIS has caused JOHN MINOR BOTTS to be arrested for mixing Union sentiments with his Secesh bitters. Another account of the matter is that J. M. B. was one of the parties detected in chalking Live Yankee opinions upon the Dead walls of Rebel Richmond, and that, at the moment of his arrest, he was engaged in decorating a Secessionist's window-shutter with a large cartoon of "a Nigger after one of the Old Masters," the figures representing DAVIS with a Contraband in pursuit of him. We have written to General MCCLELLAN requesting that he will have the goodness to give orders for securing that shutter when our troops enter Richmond, in order that the fine conception chalked upon it may be spread before the world upon a page of VANITY FAIR.

How Floyd made his way out of Fort Donelson.
He "cut it."

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A NEW PLANTATION SONG.

Massa, when he cut and run
Lef dese darkeys, ebery one,
To work der own salbation.
Halleluyah! Slabery's done,
God bress Ginral WASHINGTON,
Won't we have some jam up fun
On de ole plantation!
Rebel from de Union trigger,
He cut dirt, but not de nigger—
He not such a gander.
Uncle SAM want plower, digger,
And he pay de white man's figger
To de Contrabander.

Fotch de missus' pi-an-o
Play de hymn ob Jump Jim Crow
Upon dis solemn 'casion.
Now den JULIUS, heel and toe,
Golly! boys but this aint slow,
Brack folks turn has come—dat's so!
On de ole plantation.
Rebel from de Union trigger, &c., &c.

Here's de rag with seven stars
Massa toted to de wars
To scare de Yankee Nation
Now boys, three times three Yah! Yahs!
For the rebel spots and bars
Nebermore to wave—no *Sars!*
On de ole plantation.
Rebel from de Union trigger, &c., &c

Massa, though he's run away,
We don't wish to cotch and flay;
But, on consideration,
We all forgive him, as we pray
His Country and his Maker may,
And 'mancipate him here, dis day,
On de ole plantation!
Rebel from de Union trigger, &c., &c.

Now den LUCY, DINAH, JUNE,
Ef your wuff a picayune
Dance like all creation.
Play up POMP, you yaller coon,
Don't ask what, you picaroon,
YANKEE DOODLE *dat's* de tune
For Uncle SAM's plantation.
Rebel from de Union trigger, &c., &c.

Curious Coincidence.

Struck by the wind the telegraph chords sound like a lyre, and when the words of the telegraph strike the eye we all admit that it is the greatest liar in existence.

GRAND AGRICULTURAL SCHEMES.

The Southern States are considering what crops it may be advisable to plant this season, in lieu of cotton, which seems to have become a nauseous drug in their market; but Uncle SAM has already relieved them in a measure of their anxiety in this matter, since he has planted the flag of the Union upon a large portion of their "sacred soil," and this with proper culture will yield an abundant crop of flag-root. He has also sown the seeds of loyalty along their borders which will make a capital hedge against the inroads of treason.

But a society recently formed under the name of the "National Freedman's Relief Association," will perfect the grand scheme for the general rotation of crops proposed. The management of its operations has been entrusted to a Mr. PIERCE, the inventor of the new drill for contraband use, which is designed to supersede the hoe. He takes out to this new field by way of variety, a large quantity of assorted seeds, to supply those who have been accustomed to secede. These are to be sown broadcast, chiefly by the aid of sewing machines operated under the supervision of a corps of lady directors. Particular pains will be taken to polish up the adult negroes, if those blacks are susceptible of taking a polish, and the rude piccaninnies will be instructed in the English rudiments, as far as practicable. Illuminated books will be employed to throw light into their benighted minds. They will be taught to mind their P's and Q's, and it is expected that by frequent *spelling* they will learn to take their E's. They will also be taught to say "Mister" instead of "Master," and thus, by initiation into the mysteries of a free and civilized life, be made to forget the mastery of a life of chains and slavery. No effort will be spared to instil into their minds the idea that they were designed for a wider sphere of distinction than that in which they have hitherto revolved. In a word, by making them feel their dependence upon Northern charity, they will be taught to appreciate the sublime economy of a true philanthropy, the practicability of elevating the African race without the aid of Professor LA MOUNTAIN, or the application of shoe leather, and the principle of the peristrephic periscope as applied to the grand metempsychosis of the original status of their foreordination.

When the Society shall have accomplished all this, they will merit the thanks of an appreciative public.

News of the World.

MR. CUMMINGS, of the *World*, it seems, has not yet gone to Europe, and the quid nuncs are speculating as to the cause of his delay. At first they were troubled about his shortcomings, and now they are equally anxious about his long-goings.

Not so Dusty.

"Dost thou clean my furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked X., of the pretty servant who was polishing his escritoire.

"I Dust," replied the handmaiden.

By a Disgusted Secesh.

"FLOYD and PRICE are pretty good Generals ....take 'em as they Run."

ROUGH UPON SMITH.

Soggy Young Man, (to SMITH, *a perfect stranger.)* "AND SO, I GUESSED YOUR NAME RIGHT, EH? HOORAY SMIZ! SMIZ'S FIRSTRATE NAME! LET'S LIQUOR SMIZ!" *(Mrs. Smith doesn't seem to like it!)*

SOME SENSE ABOUT THE NIGGER, AT LAST.

While the Abolitionists have been excoriating their knotty knuckles, year after year, in frantic efforts to scrub off the Great Black Spot, out comes President LINCOLN with a little vial of Benzine, and offers to do the job handsomely and completely, and without barking anybody's knuckles, if Congress will only furnish the necessary Soap.

This Dark allusion refers to the remarkable document submitted by the President to Congress, on the 6th instant—a document likely to live in History, which, let us remark, *en passant*, will not be the worse for such a lodger.

The view of Emancipation taken by the President may be called a Dissolving View, and contains a perspective tableau of "Happy Negroes bestowing charity upon Abolitionists out of work." We hardly think that the "Onward to Richmond" men will be delighted at the prospect held out by the President. Gradual Abolition, like cautious Generalship, is distasteful to such hot-headed young fellows as the Editor of the *Tribune*, for instance; and the possibility of there being no chained Nigger for them to worship, by-and-by, may drive these philosophers to their wit's end for a substitute. Meanwhile, all sensible men must congratulate the President upon his project of removing the Black Border from the map of the United States.

Russell's Last!

It must not be supposed that the Convivial Contributor of *Canards* to the London *Times* fibs incessantly. During his intermissions for refreshments, he sometimes jokes, like a facetious Cockney as he is. Behold his latest Con. as furnished by a reliable correspondent

Q. Why is President LINCOLN so remarkably abstemious?

A. Because when he began to split rails he became a Wedge-it-arian!

By an Intelligent Zouave.

"You see, we United States Volunteers are what I should call 'soldiers of fortune;' but those poor Confederate devils.... well, I should call them soldiers of Misfortune. Eh?"

More from Boston.

The Boston *Transcript* tells us that "The North End Sculpin Association" held their annual festivities one evening last week, and adds that "if Gen. MCCLELLAN had a regiment composed of the gallant Sculpins, he might make an immediate forward movement." At first we were puzzled about the "Sculpin Association," as we generally are about everything proper to Boston except chowder and brown bread; but the military allusion to the organization convinces us that the *Transcript* let slip a typographical error in the paragraph, and that "Scalpin' Association" is the proper reading in the case.

Peruvian Guano.

We learn that a very large shipment of the above article has lately been made to Europe. It is to be distributed over the hot-beds of Monarchy in France, Austria, Spain and Portugal, for the purpose of forcing up the young sprouts of royalty destined for the proposed thrones of Peru and other divisions of the Western Hemisphere. There is only one objection to Peruvian Guano as a fertilizer: it is apt to impart an unpalateable flavor to the green things forced up by it—which will probably be its effect upon the sprouts in question with reference to American Tastes.

Oily Endings.

How unctuously these usurping potentates turn out, always, in their played-out days! The great NAPOLEON, at his death, reigned only over a miserable Ile, and MAXIMILIAN, his Nephew's protegè, is to be King of the poor Greasers.

Brigadier General F. W. Lander.

MARCH 2D, 1862.

We lose a Man in him who dies to day,
Not of the common stock that Earth can spare;
One of the strong, undaunted few who stare
In Danger's eyes until it slinks away.
The thick-ribbed granite of his native hills
Not firmer than his nature for the Right;
More fearless he, the fiercer raged the fight:—
When such men draw their country's sword—it kills!
He could not *play* at war; as witness, first,
Phillippa's morning charge, and Laurel Hill,
And the swift midnight dash through Blooming Gap.
He saw his land with doubtful friends accurst,
And struck for her insulted flag, until
His dying head sunk in her sorrowing lap.

Bulls.

The Italian wags ridicule Cardinal ANTONELLI for the great importance he seems to attach to the excommunicating edicts of the reigning Pontiff. The Cardinal is perhaps not aware that the most powerful anathema ever issued by A. POPE was the Dunciad.

A "Wise Legion."

Out of two captured companies of the Wise legionaries, (says the correspondent of the *Daily Times*) only twelve soldiers could write their own names. There can be no doubt that the Southern schoolmaster is "abroad."

ASSAULT BY THE PRESS-GANG

ON TWO WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OMNIBUS HORSE.

IV.

By the time I had resided for several years in the KIPP & BROWN stables, I began to feel quite at home, and got over pining for

My own, my native land—

Connecticut. I became accustomed to my work, and to the caprices of SAL SNORTER, up to the time of her death, which occurred one afternoon in Broadway near the Astor House. I remember feeling provoked at her carelessness in giving out in public—I thought she might at least have had the decency to finish the trip and die quietly in the stall. As years passed over my head, under the wheels of the omnibus, and down into the side-streets, I had opportunities of seeing a good many things—say about eighteen—and a good many people—say about eleven. Perhaps SAL saw more things and people than I did in the same time, but then again perhaps she didn't, and I don't care if she did. JIM CHARLES used to carry the same passengers very often—so that whenever I saw the old gentleman in India-rubbers and a blue umbrella—rain or shine—standing on the corner of Charlton and Hudson Streets, I would ease up preparatory to the "whoa" that invariably followed the instant JIM CHARLES espied the same institution. Of course my knowledge of people was limited; I merely saw them, but that did not prevent my having orginal ideas about then.

Those with whose appearance I became acquainted from frequent meeting, I designated mentally by what I deemed appropriate names. Thus there was Mr. CROOKBACK, Mr. HANGJAW, and Mr. ALLEARS. There was Dame TRUDGE, who kept an infant school and three Thomasinian cats, Mrs. GOODCLOTHES, and Miss SWEETPEAS. SAL named a few people, too, and pointed them out to me as her friends, while I returned the compliment. SAL—being an old maid herself disappointed in early life, I believe—was violently prejudiced against any lady who might be walking without escort, As for the young men, though, she was simply ecstatic about them. She would wink desperately at every fellow who happened to pass, and I doubt not that had she worn a pocket-handkerchief, she would have fluttered it by way of opening a flirtation after the manner of young Misses of few years and less sense. Once SAL was mightily tickled because a young dandy happened to apply his cambric to his nose, not knowing the use intended for such articles, she fancied, oddly enough, that he was anxious to attract her favorable notice, and he did. The conceited thing grew so enthusiastic about the matter that, I honestly believe had the *Herald* "Personal" column been established in those days, there would have been a flaming announcement inserted the following morning, reading somewhat after this style:

The young and lovely man with five fingers on each hand, a pair of boots on his feet—what dear feet!—a coat on his back, a straw hat, a cigar, curls, and Cologne water, and who stood on the corner of Varick and Canal Streets yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, and who waved his handkerchief at the quadruped who passed in the neighborhood of a KIPP & BROWN stage at the time, is earnestly requested to grant an interview to the smitten beast, if agreeable, at any time or place he may choose. Or if he would call at the stage stables between the hours of thirteen and fourteen to-morrow, bringing a lock of his elegant hair, or wig, or whatever, he would be most cordially welcomed by the softest of her sex, SAL SNORTER.

The refinement of "Personals" had not been reached by New Yorkers at that date, and so SAL was forced to chew up her emotions with her oats, and I expect they caused the indigestion which finally killed her down town.

My only weakness was displayed toward Miss SWEETPEAS, as I called her, but she didn't seem to hanker after horse-flesh so much as she might have done; and I used to wonder whether this failure to hanker, was not owing to the fact that possibly she had once been in a Volunteer army officered by politicians. Soldiers are known to acquire a great distaste for horse meat after a few months' diet upon it. Ask the 71st Regiment if it is not so? Ask the young man who paid four dollars for a chicken one week old, and not yet attained to the dignity of laying its own eggs? Ask that other young man, his familiar friend, who on the same occasion whilst on board the steamer from New York to Annapolis last Spring, parted with a valuable American dollar for an invaluable Yankee pie? Demand their and their comrades' experience of salt horse rations.

Well, Miss SWEETPEAS often let me help to draw her up and down town, which was some satisfaction at least. No matter if there were fourteen previously inside, and no matter if every one of the fourteen had just dined on dollar dinners and weighed extra heavy—the moment the SWEETPEAS squeezed into the 'bus the load grew so light and feathery that, as the poet man said in his sleep the night after a Hoboken Lark—

Me thought 'twas but a turtle dove I drew,

and not one of STEPHENSON'S heavy, four-wheeled public dog-carts. But it was.

THE AGE OF PAPER.

JOHN BULL has touched Brother JONATHAN upon a tender spot, in a recent disquisition upon what he styles: "The Age of Paper in America." A rather too free application of the caustic has "riled" him considerably; but his proverbial good-nature enables him to pass the insult, and return a characteristic reply to the following unjust flings of his "fat friend" beyond the water:

JOHN BULL.

YANKEE DOODLE borrowed cash,
But could not pay the lender;
So he issued paper trash,
And made it legal tender.
To manufacture six per cents
He set the mill a-going—
The plainest written evidence
Of sums that he is owing.

The money pulse is very low
Throughout the Yankee nation,
But their Treasury notes I know
Will help the circulation.
The backs of all are printed green—
A proper way to make 'em;
For by-and-bye it will be seen
That those are green who take 'em.

A vehicle of promises
To drag you down to ruin,—
To add to your indebtedness,
With all the ills accruing;
With Foreign Powers your credit gone,
And from the people's bags, sir,
Their gold and silver all withdrawn,
And you reduced to rags, sir.

JONATHAN.

Cease, JOHN BULL, your bullirag,
Your insults at me hurling,
While that mighty debt you drag—
Eight hundred millions sterling;
For Uncle's credit still is good,
(So all the people, say JOHN;)
By every one 'tis understood
That he will surely pay, JOHN.

But should you choose to give a blow,
Thereby to measure purses,
JONATHAN will quickly show
The *metal* he disburses:
That his tinted "paper trash"
Has enough metallic basis
To knock into eternal smash
All intermeddling races.

But let us, JOHN, both keep the peace,
Refrain from provocation,
And all such base revilings cease,
As best becomes each nation.
Rather than mock our weaknesses,
As we are much too prone, JOHN,
'Tis wiser far when in distress,
To let each one a-loan, JOHN.

About a Wig.

An "Artist in Hair," of this City, announces an article which he calls the "Fluid Wig."

Two correspondents inquire of us whether the "Fluid Wig" is made of Canal Locks.

Another correspondent—a lady—supposes that the "Fluid Wig" must be made of Wavy hair.

Seven other correspondents—muffs—wish to be informed whether the head would not be likely to Swim in a "Fluid Wig."

"A Bald Man" writes, saying that the idea of the "Fluid Wig" is nothing new, and refers us to the old expression "dash my wig" in support of his assertion.

Lastly, one who signs himself "Balderdash" thinks that "Fluid Wig" might produce Water on the Brain.

A Hint for the Hapsburgs.

The millions of Mexico are not Maxy-Millions, and it is pretty certain they never will be.

Question for the College of Physicians.

Do Singular people ever die of Pleurisy?

THE CARTE DE VISITE FEVER.

Miss Jones, (who has just been introduced to Mr. Dreary.)—"OH! I WANT ABOUT THIRTY CARTES DE VISITE TO COMPLETE MY SET. MAY I RECKON UPON YOU FOR AN ASSORTED DOZEN OF YOUR OWN, SIR—ONE IN AN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER?"

A False Report.

It has been whispered in misinformed cliques that charges were to be brought in the House against Mr. SHANKS of Indiana, for supplying horses to some of the Rebel leaders. This is altogether a mistake, and originated in the remark made by a person in the lobby, to the effect that "FLOYD had got away from Fort Donelson on Shanks' Mare"—a *facon de parler*, merely, and bearing no allusion whatever to the Honorable Member from Indiana.

Fasti Davisiani.

The latest news from the South is, that JEFF. DAVIS has issued a proclamation appointing another fast-day."

Thus it has ever been with the Rebels throughout this conflict. They make Fast Time of it whenever the Flag of the Union gets within Hail Columbia of them.

Similia Similibus Curantur.

"Homœopathy," said X., "is not altogether devoid of sound principle. I never hear an actor get a Gag off to me, without wanting to get a Gag on to him!"

"There is no Thyme like the Present"—As the cook-maid remarked when her young man brought her a bunch of that aromatic pot-herb.

"Up to Snuff."

The prisoners who are returning to us from the Tobacco Houses of the South.

Positive and Superlative.

FLOYD....Fled.

Look out for Smoke.

An item from Fortress Monroe runs as follows:

"You will perceive by reference to the Southern papers that it is expected a law will be passed to burn all the last crop of tobacco and cotton."

"About this time expect smoke," as the Almanac makers say. Investigators of natural phenomena attribute the transient season of bliss known as the "Indian Summer," to great fires kindled by the red savages of the prairie about buffalo time. To this there will be a certain analogy, should the Vandalism of burning the cotton and tobacco be carried into effect—an act of the red-handed savages of Secesh which may be characterized as an Indian Summery proceeding.

Up the Spout.

A certain indication that Rebeldom is "hard up" is manifest in the fact that Senator SIMMS has offered a resolution in the Confederate Congress, declaring that the Confederate States do pledge their last man for the prosecution of the war." The great question, however, seems to be, whether "my uncle" SAM will make any satisfactory advance on such pledges, or give the pawners an opportunity for final redemption.

Epigram.

The Donelson prisoners, exchanges inform us,
(This is one of the Items that is not suppressed,)
Can't or won't, eat the bread that they make in Chicago,
For the Flower of the South hates the flour of the West!

Pray, what would they have, these poor, ragged rebels?
What grub is the best for Secesh of their station?
Give 'em rations they're used to—on corn be they fed,
For don't they belong to a Cornfederation!

Con. by a Stable-Boy.

Why is these here Rebbles like tarrier-dorgs?
Coz, ef they's ever goin ter be good for anythin', they's got ter Catch Rats!

A Dark Illusion.

Though SUMNER the "sophomore" prose,
And LOVEJOY the lunatic rave,
This war, every one of us knows,
Isn't waged for the sake of the slave.

All the slaves to attempt to set free
We can't surely, just now, have the cheek;
For this, even France will agree,
Is to carry war into a freak.*

* The above is from our lunatic poet, who probably intends the last words of his effusion to be combined into *Afrique*.

"Something too much of this."

"That's rather rushing the thing" said young JONES, as he glanced over the column of "Amusements" in the *Herald*; "the moral nigger drama at four theatres at once!"

"Confound it! yes," said old JONES. "I thought we had had enough of this Uncle Tomfoolery."

Tennessee.

Ho! glorious tidings from the West, the current's on the turn,
Kentucky, tired of discord, makes the signal of return
And back into its vacant place—thence never more to flee
Wheels from beneath the Treason-cloud the Star of Tennessee.

Where'er our conquering legions move, the light of truth breaks in,
O'er rebel hearts as well as arms proud victories they win
The fog of Falsehood clears away, and soon the South shall be
From Gulf to Northern border line, as ransomed Tennessee.

A Pessimist Pun.

The very worst pun ever made since Original Sin drove men to make puns for a living, is that forced upon us by a Gorilla-like person armed with a sheath and to them, who insists upon our stating that KERRIGAN was dismissed from the service in order that the delinquencies of which he was found guilty might not Occur Again.

LOVE MAKING AS AN EXACT SCIENCE.

It is generally known that the art of love making has long been understood and followed, but it will surprise adepts in this fascinating pastime to learn through columns of the dailies where the fact was first announced, that the cupidity of March, eighteen hundred and sixty one, has reduced the thing, if we may so call it, to the level of an exact science. Hereafter the Method to Matrimony is to be conned and ciphered out as an Arithmetic or Astronomy, or the English Grammar. The laws of caprice have been discovered, tested, approved and are now issued in book form at the popular price of twelve cents—to be purchased of—well we won't say whom.

People who are married and settled or unsettled, as the case may be, will most likely lift up their voices against a work which promises to revolutionize the great cause of pleasure and of pain, and at such dirt cheap rates. As a text book for schools—without having seen it—we venture to predict that "Courtship Made Easy" will come to be greatly preferred to Algebra, Book-keeping, Natural Philosophy, or Geology. Teachers themselves may even take an interest in it, and devote hours to exemplifications of the rules which it lays down. Now that we think of it, is it not singular that the study of Man as a wingless Cupid should have been neglected so long, and made to give way to the study of insects, reptiles, sticks, stones, grass, and dirt. How many thousands of children are allowed to form quaint, absurd, frivolous, and wrong opinions of the aim of their affections? Does not ignorance beget prudes? Does it not blight the chiefest of joys? Does it not grow thorns without their compensating roses? Suppose at about the age of fourteen, the young boarding school Miss and the freshman were to obtain a few useful hints in this direction, wouldn't—but there! we bar all moralizing. Let us go back to the courtship text-book. It will save a great deal of trouble—unnecessary trouble, which all lovers hitherto have had to battle with. For you have only to read the following captions to be convinced that—given a male and female—old, young, lame, halt, blind, black, white, ugly, pretty, learned, witty, stupid, ignorant, or anything whatever—and a close adherence to the rules laid down will enable either party to gather the other into his or her matrimonial toils. It is just as easily done as buying a cow, when you have the money, or permanently borrowing a new umbrella. Here are some of the cases on which advice is given—for twelve cents.

Cultivation of Self-Esteem.
Choice of a Wife.
Age for Marriage.
Position in Society.
General Qualifications for Marriage.
How to know you are in Love.
How to begin a Courtship.
Twenty Rules for conducting a Courtship.
Different ways to "Pop the Question."
How to manage a Shrew.
How to woo an Heiress.
How to woo a Widow.
Courting a Prude.
Courtship of a Proud Young Lady.
Courtship of a Domestic Lady.
Courtship of a Wayward Girl.
Courtship of a Lady you don't know.
Courtship of an Acquaintance.
Courtship of a Bashful Girl.
Courtship of a Literary Lady.
Courtship of an Old Maid
Directions to Catch a Bachelor.
Directions to make a Beau Propose.
Forms of Love Letters, &c.

The Love Letters are sensible, and to the point—no namby-pamby nonsense—and are suited to almost every occasion. This book treats carefully a subject in which all young people are interested, and will give you more real information in an hour's reading than you could collect from all the silly and sentimental nonsense that has ever been written and printed on this delicate subject. It is just such a work as is wanted by both ladies and gentlemen.

These extracts from the publisher's puff at once show that the thing is complete in all probability—like the arrant cowardice of old FLOYD. When it is generally known that the book is

By HARRY HAZEN, Jr., a Widower who has been thrice married, but is still young enough to be an especial favorite of the ladies,

it stands to reason that nothing further could be desired. Mr. HARRY HAZEN of course has long held intimate and friendly relations with WILEY CUPID, Esq., and has therefore authority to speak in these matters. Besides a "widower who has been thrice married" is certainly somebody worth listening to.

Oh! what a precious wise man is this same HARRY HAZEN, Esq., to live in a community of fools! Why doesn't he advertise himself as Cambridge University or a Young Ladies' Day and Boarding School?

What precious gulls we are, and what a keen edge there is to young HARRY's cuteness!

But nothing exists that cannot be somewhat improved by VANITY FAIR—unless, indeed, it be Southern Chivalry—and though we are tempted to let well alone in the present instance, still we feel as though, with the Widower's kind permission, we might suggest a few features of interest that have been overlooked—purposely, of course. For example, we should like full particulars concerning the proceedings necessary to a young man's success when the living image of his hopes is out of his reach on account of the absence of postal communication and the untrustworthiness of people who reside down her way.

Can a young man meet a rich belle in a Fifth Avenue stage at Grace Church and obtain her consent by the time the vehicle stops for her to alight at the New York Hotel?

Can rapid solutions be obtained to problems such as this?—

PROBLEM.

Suppose that at 8.20, P.M., JOHN met SOPHIA. Handkerchiefs fluttered, winks passed, and smiles succeeded.
At 8 25, JOHN "thqueathed" her hand. More winks and smiles.
At 8.30, JOHN kissed her just in time to prevent her screaming fearfully.
At 8 33, He did it again.
At 8.35, He proposed. She consented.
At 8.40, Papas and Mammas exchanged congratulations.
At 8.45, The order for the cards was sent to Gimbrede's.

QUESTIONS.

How was it done? Could it be done again? Could it be done by anybody and prove sure at every Pop?

The science is to our mind very like that of military matters. Tactics are to be used. To win and to conquer is the object in either branch. Love of country sustains the soldier, love of money incites the sexes, more or less.

But we are beginning to blunder; we had therefore better let up on HAZEN for to-day, and wait until he startles the public with a "Chart of the human affections, and guide through the labyrinthian railways leading thereto"—then we may open another bottle of ink, and have a right jolly set to.

N.B.—Any silly gander or goosey who has twelve cents to spare for the purchase of the Courtshipping Gazette, or whatever they call it, had better toss it into the nearest sewer.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

GNASHVILLE, TENN. March 4th.

DEAR VANITY:—Here, all is serene.
I am happy.
It is a fine thing to be a great man.
Send me some money.
In short, I have taken this town, and it is a bully place....
There be maidens....
And jewelry-stores....
The maidens smile, and the jewelry-stores open rich, for

Yours truly, MC ARONE.

P. S. *Later.*—I have just been taking a walk. I never go out, now, without a brass band to march ahead. My staff follow, the rear brought up by a young Lieutenant of Light Quadroons, whom I have mentioned heretofore. He wears green gloves, and leads a black-and-tan-terrier.

The pageant is imposing.

Now, I am willing to bet that you think the brass band is sent to march ahead in my honor....

You err.

I *permit* the musicians to play in front of me, in order to honor *them*.

And, seriously, they deserve it.

They have rendered me great assistance. They have assisted me in taking this place....

And whoever renders MC ARONE assistance, immortalizes himself.

It was on a mild but effulgent day in February. The sun shone